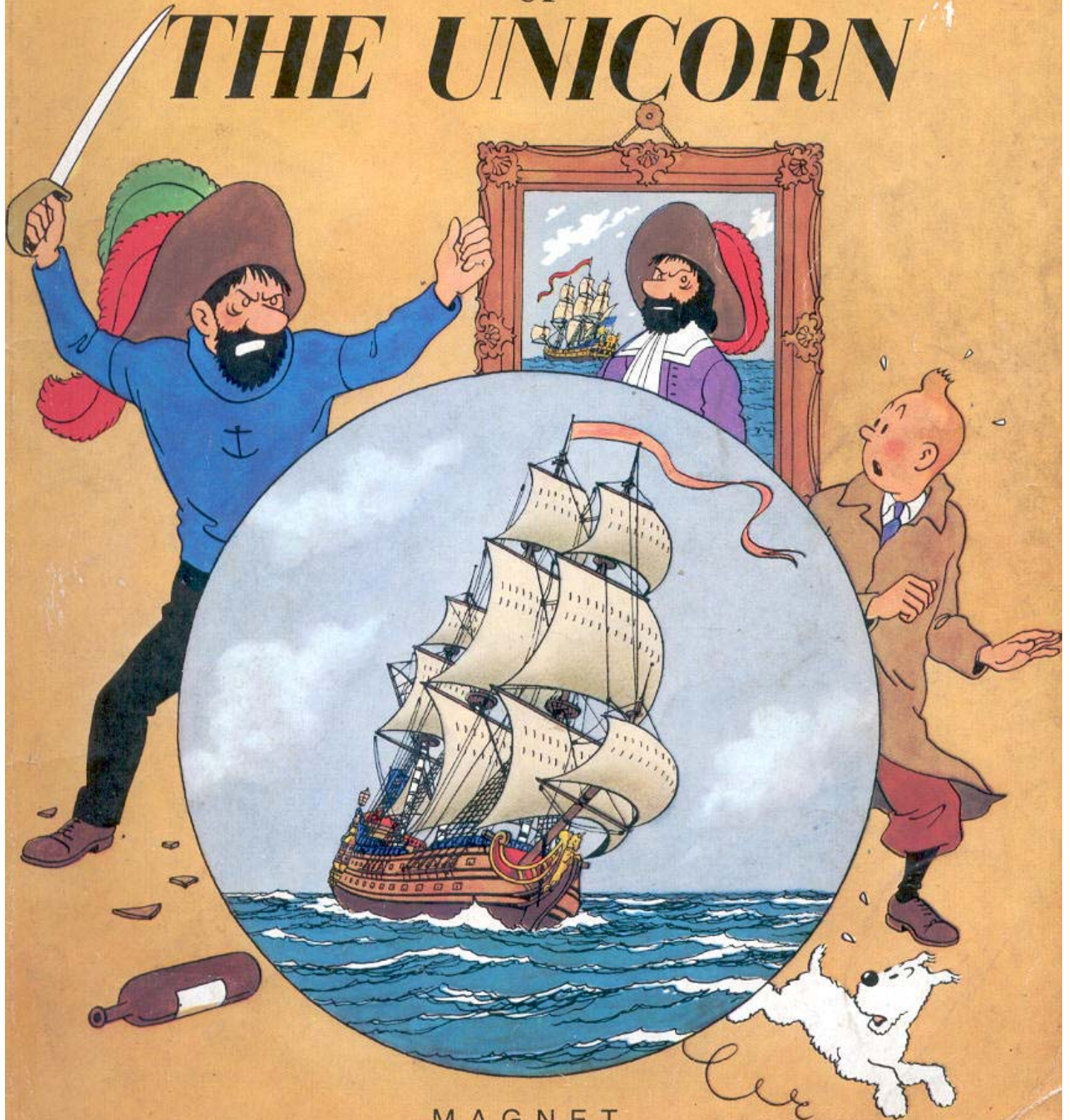


HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN

*

**THE SECRET
OF
THE UNICORN**



MAGNET

THE SECRET OF THE UNICORN



NEWS IN BRIEF

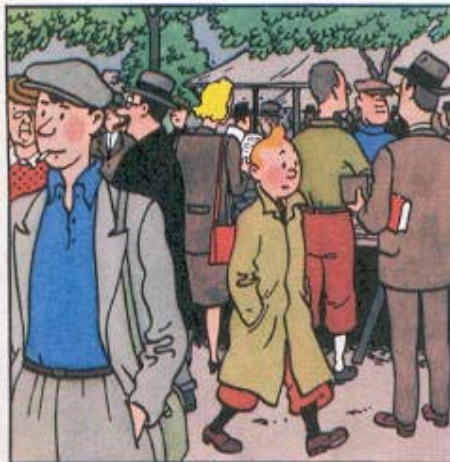
AN alarming rise in the number of robberies has been reported in the past few weeks. Daring pickpockets are operating in the larger stores, the cinemas and street markets. A well-organised gang is believed to be at work. The police are using their best men to put a stop to this public scandal.

We must keep our eyes open, and catch these crooks.



How about starting in the Old Street Market? Tintin said he was going there this morning. Perhaps we'll meet him.

Good idea. Let's go.



Why, there are Thomson and Thompson.



Hello! ... How are you?

Look who's here!

Tintin!



What are you doing here? Looking for bargains? Sh!... Highly confidential!... Special operation: pickpockets.

But that didn't stop us from finding this job-lot of walking sticks.



How much?

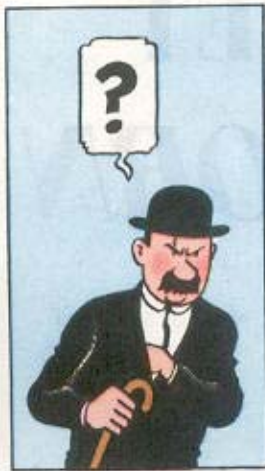
Eight bob for the lot.



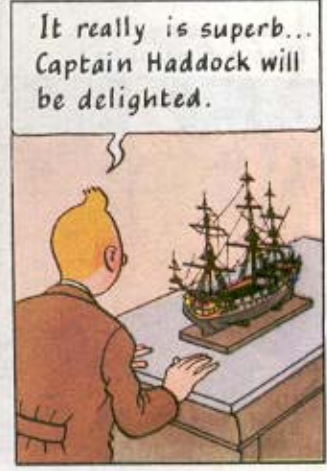
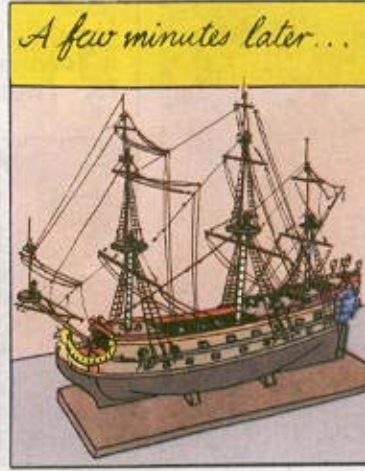
Six shillings.

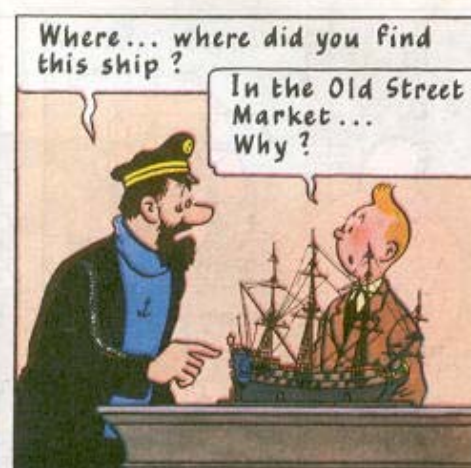
Seven... but I'm robbin' meself...

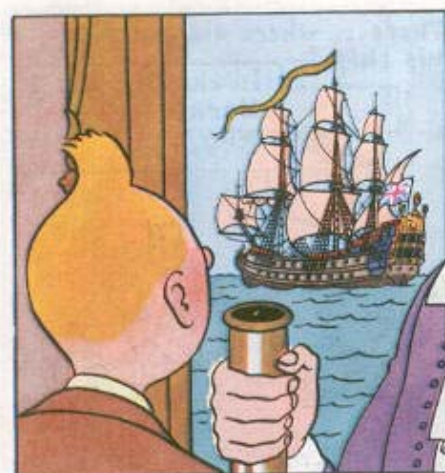




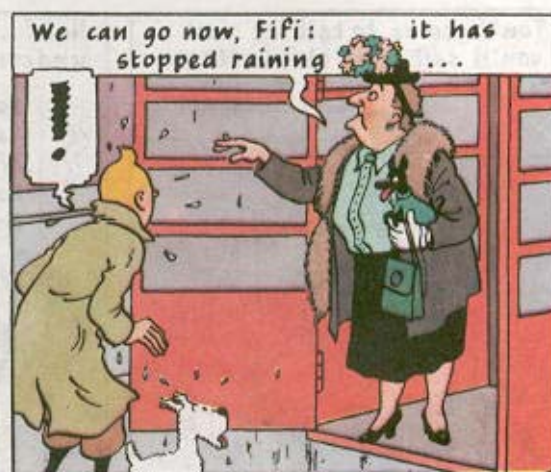
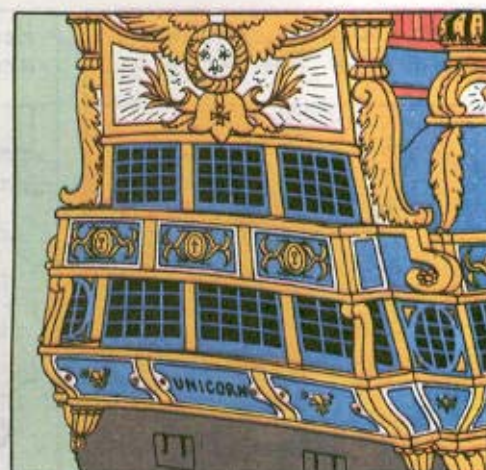
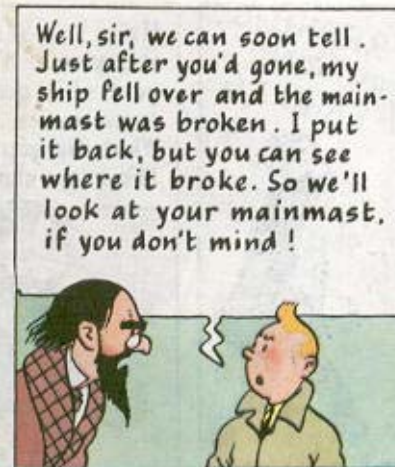


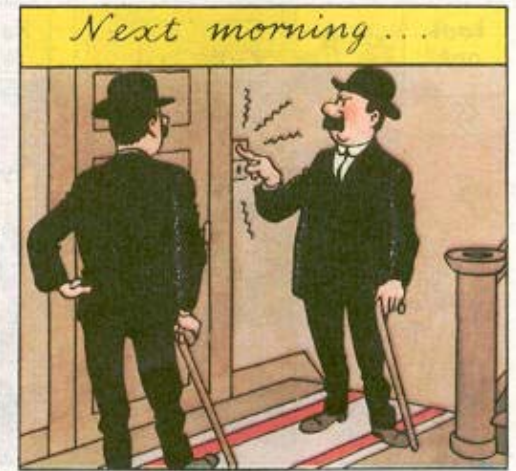
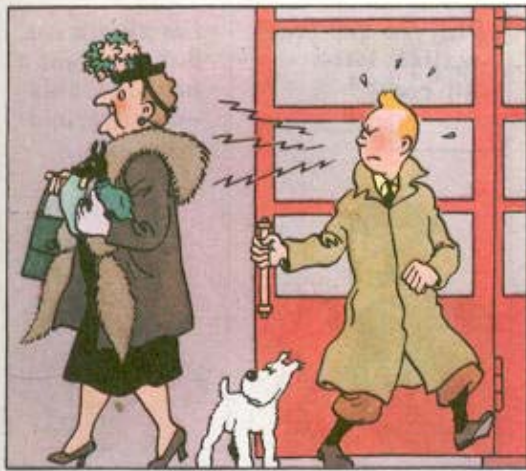




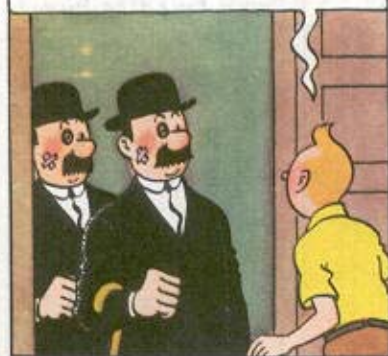








Hello. How are you?...
Good heavens! Whatever's
happened?



Er... nothing really... just a
little spot of bother, in the Old
Street Market...



Er... yes... a slight mis-
understanding. Anyway,
we've come to pay you
the money for those
sticks. We called last
night, but you were
out.

Did you get your
wallet back
all right?



I'm afraid not.
But I bought a
new one this
morning, and
... and...



Goodness gracious! I've
been robbed again!



Great Scotland Yard!... That man
we met last night on the stairs,
on our way here!... I remember
now: he bumped into me!...



What was
he like?

He bumped
into me,
too!

Quite tall... coarse features
... black hair... small black
moustache... blue suit...
brown hat...



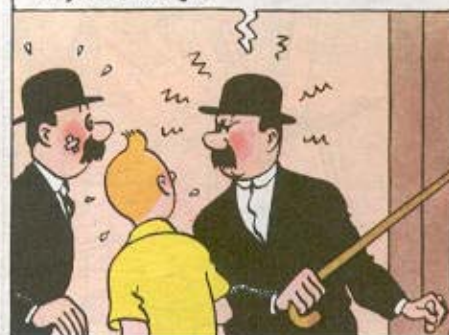
That's him... the man
from the Old Street
Market!

But he couldn't have stolen your
wallet last night, when you
only bought it this morning.

There's something
in what you say...



Miserable thieves! A brand
new wallet! Come along,
Thomson, we must report this
right away!



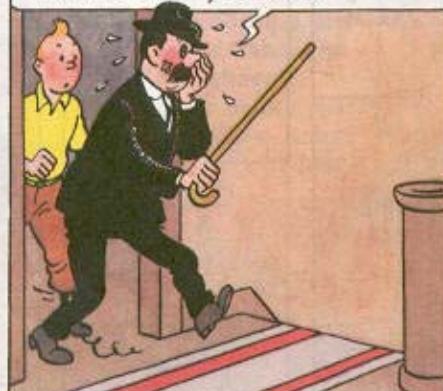
He's right!... We must report
it at once...



Look
out!



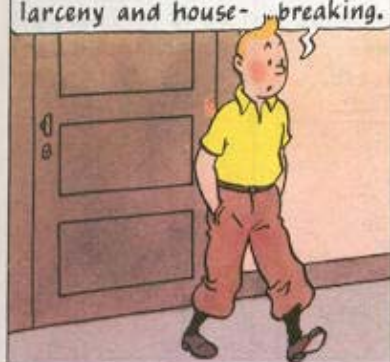
Hey, Thompson, wait for me.
Where are you?...



Here!... I'm downstairs already!



Poor old Thomsons, they do have rotten luck!... There seems to be quite an epidemic of larceny and house-breaking.



Oh well, let's try and get these papers sorted out...



What are you after, Snowy?



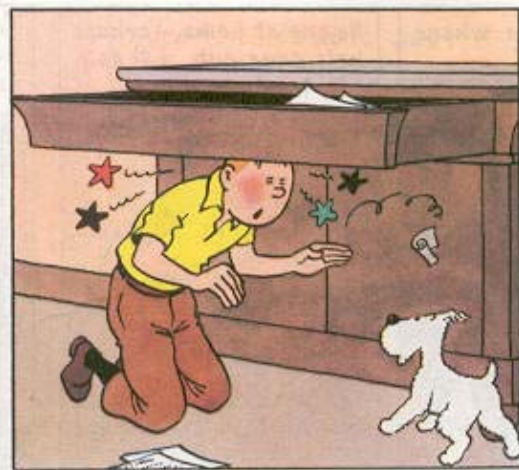
A cigarette, under there? That's a funny place...



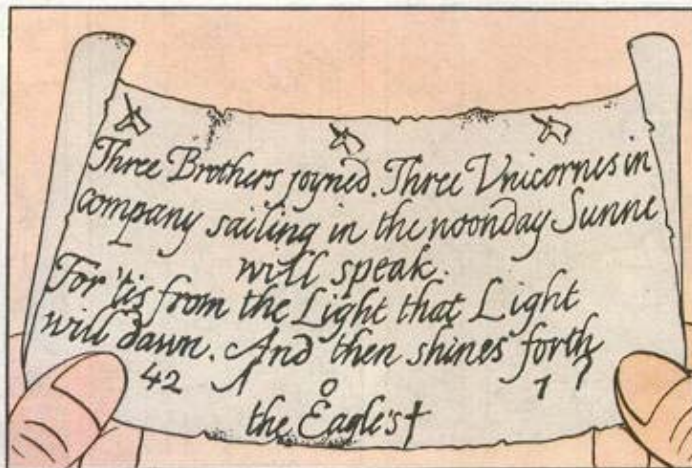
Why, it's not a cigarette... it's a little scroll of parchment...



But this isn't mine! Where ever did it come from?... Let's have a closer look at it...



Here's another mystery!



But it's all gibberish! And where on earth did this parchment come from, anyway?



Great snakes! I've got it... This parchment must have been rolled up inside the mast of the ship. It fell out when the mast was broken, and it rolled under the chest...



And that explains something else! ... Whoever stole my ship knew that the parchment was hidden there. When he discovered the scroll had gone, he thought I must have found it. That's why the thief came back and searched my flat, never guessing the parchment was under the chest...



Tintin, you're a real Sherlock Holmes!

But why was he so anxious to get hold of it? If only it made some sense... then at least...



I wonder... But... of course! ... That must be it! There's no other answer.



Quick, Snowy!... We must see the Captain.



Why? What is it now?

Treasure, Snowy!... Come on, this is going to be a treasure-hunt!



Yes, I'm absolutely certain it must be treasure...



The old lazybones! He's still in bed!



No?... then where can he be?



No one at home. Perhaps he's gone out. I'll ask his land-lady...



Captain Haddock?... No, I didn't see him go out. Hasn't he answered the bell? That's funny...



Perhaps he's ill?

Ill? He might be... His light's been on all night...



We must find out at once.



No answer?...



Wait!... He must be in. I can hear a noise...

Captain!... Captain! Open the door!... It's me... Tintin...



Not a sound...

Still no answer...



THUMP THUMP THUMP



Come one pace nearer and I'll blast you to blazes!



Shall I go for the police?

No... a locksmith would be a better idea!



I think... yes, he's talking to himself! This is getting serious!...



Ah, here comes the locksmith.



Got it?...



Nope... can't do it, guv! The door's bolted...



We must force the door. I'll be responsible for the damage...

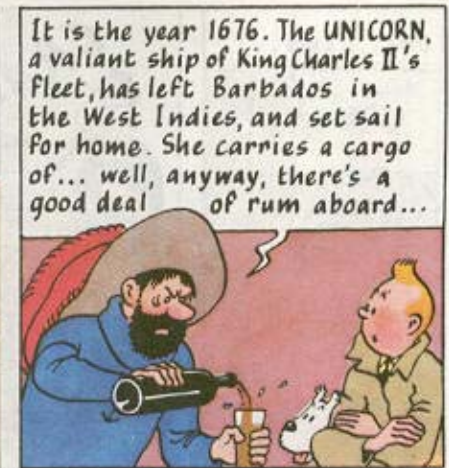
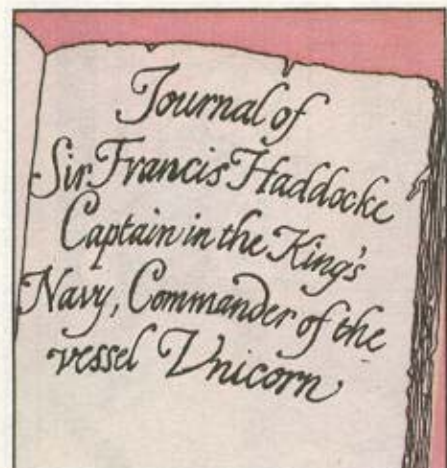


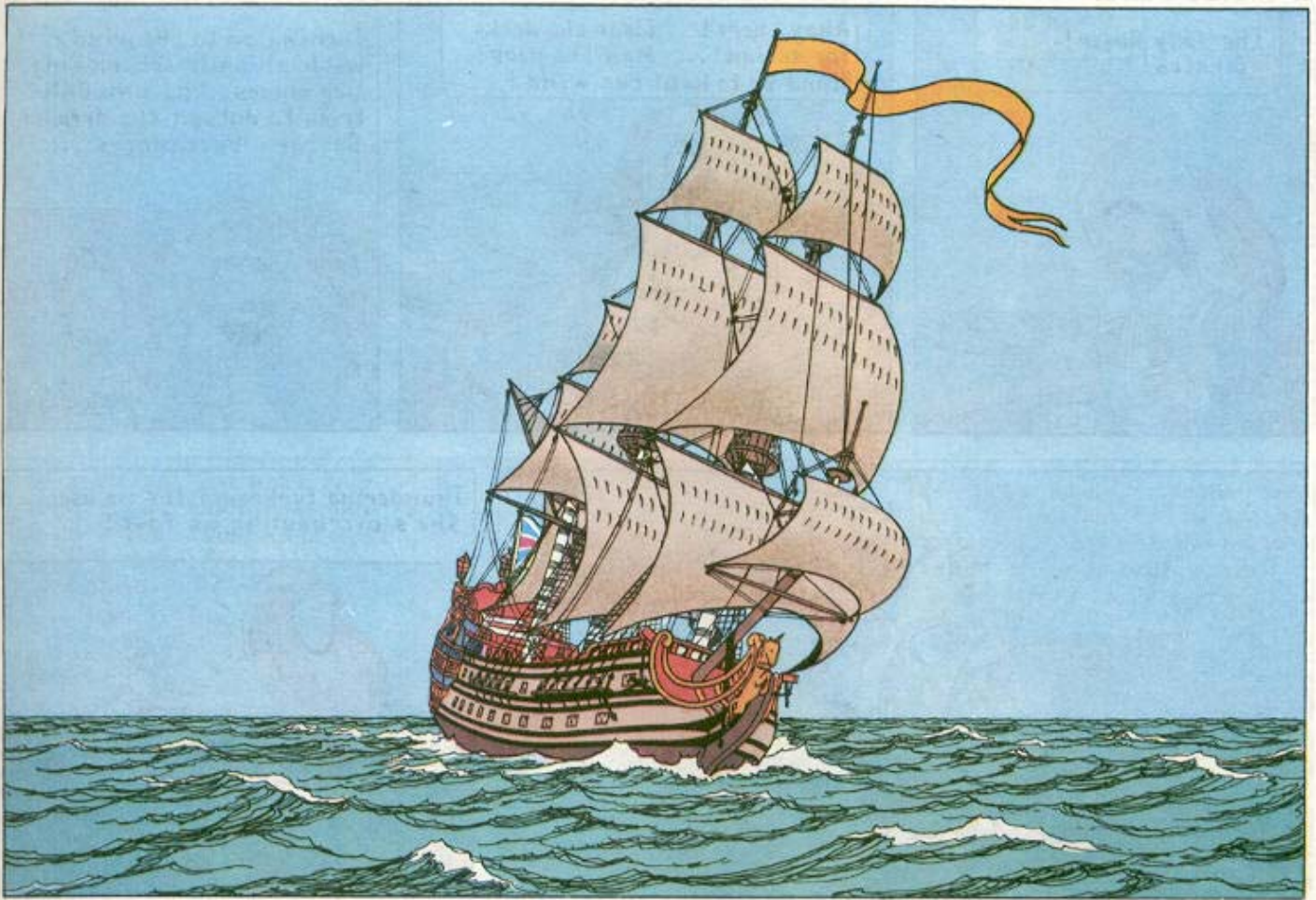
One... two...



CRASH



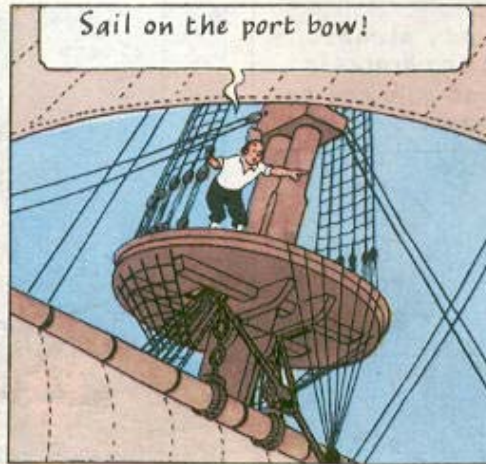




Two days at sea, a good stiff breeze, and the UNICORN is reaching on the starboard tack. Suddenly there's a hail aloft...



Sail on the port bow!

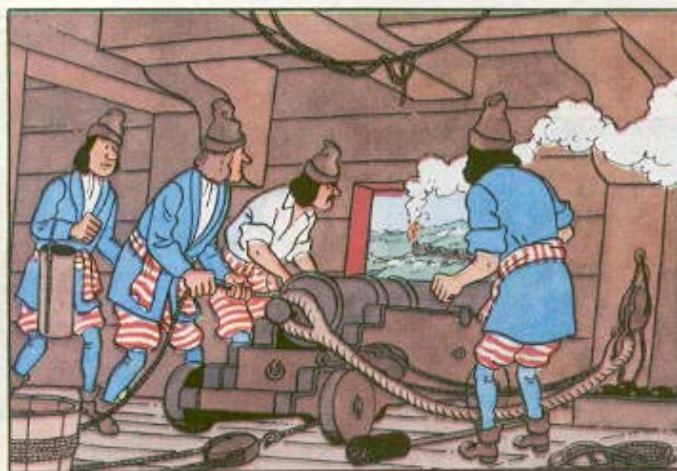
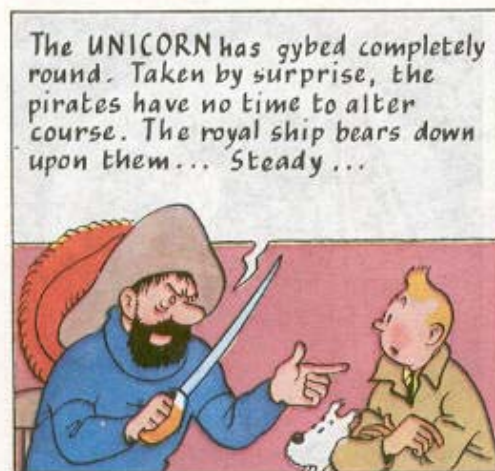
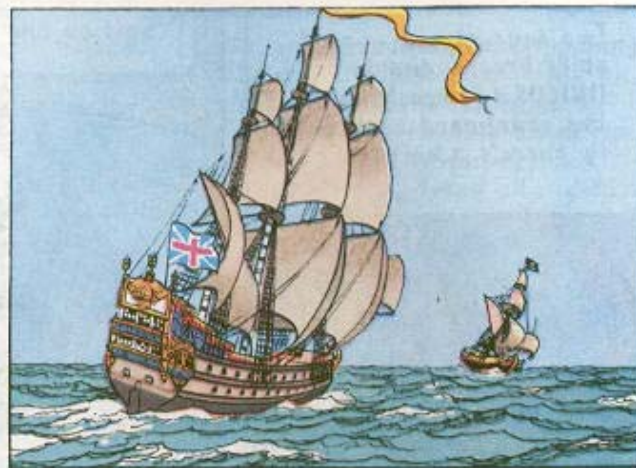
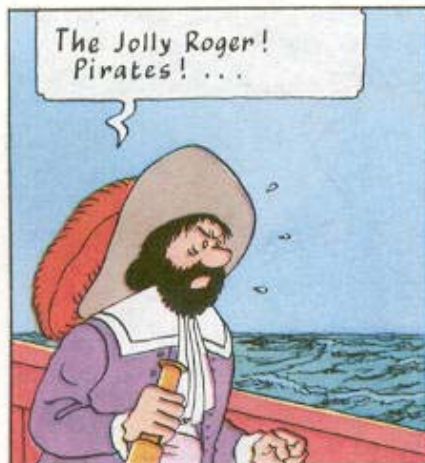


Thundering typhoons!... She's mighty close-hauled! Ration my rum if she's not going to cut across our bows!



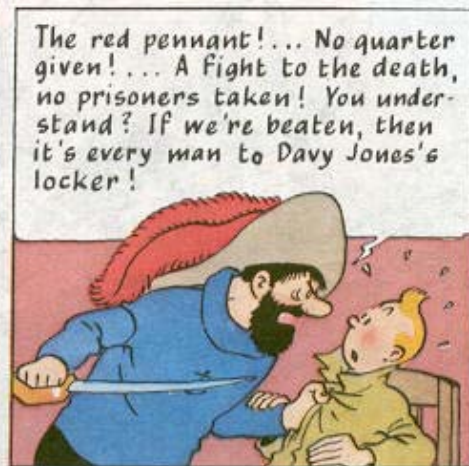
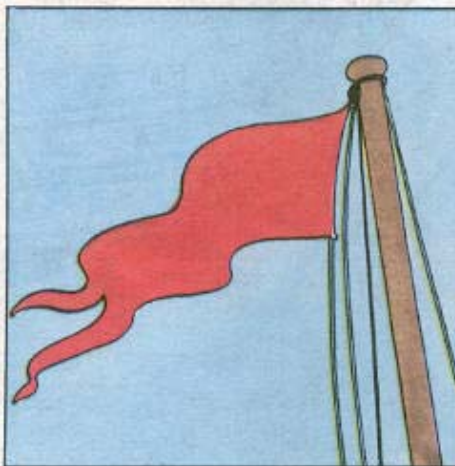
And she's making a spanking pace! Oho! she's running up her colours.. Now we'll see...



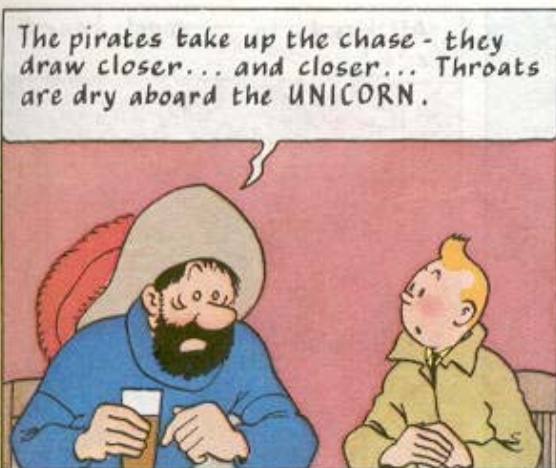




Got her, yes! But not a crippling blow. The pirate ship in turn goes about - and look! she's hoisted fresh colours to the mast-head!



The red pennant! ... No quarter given! ... A fight to the death, no prisoners taken! You understand? If we're beaten, then it's every man to Davy Jones's locker!



The pirates take up the chase - they draw closer... and closer... Throats are dry aboard the UNICORN.



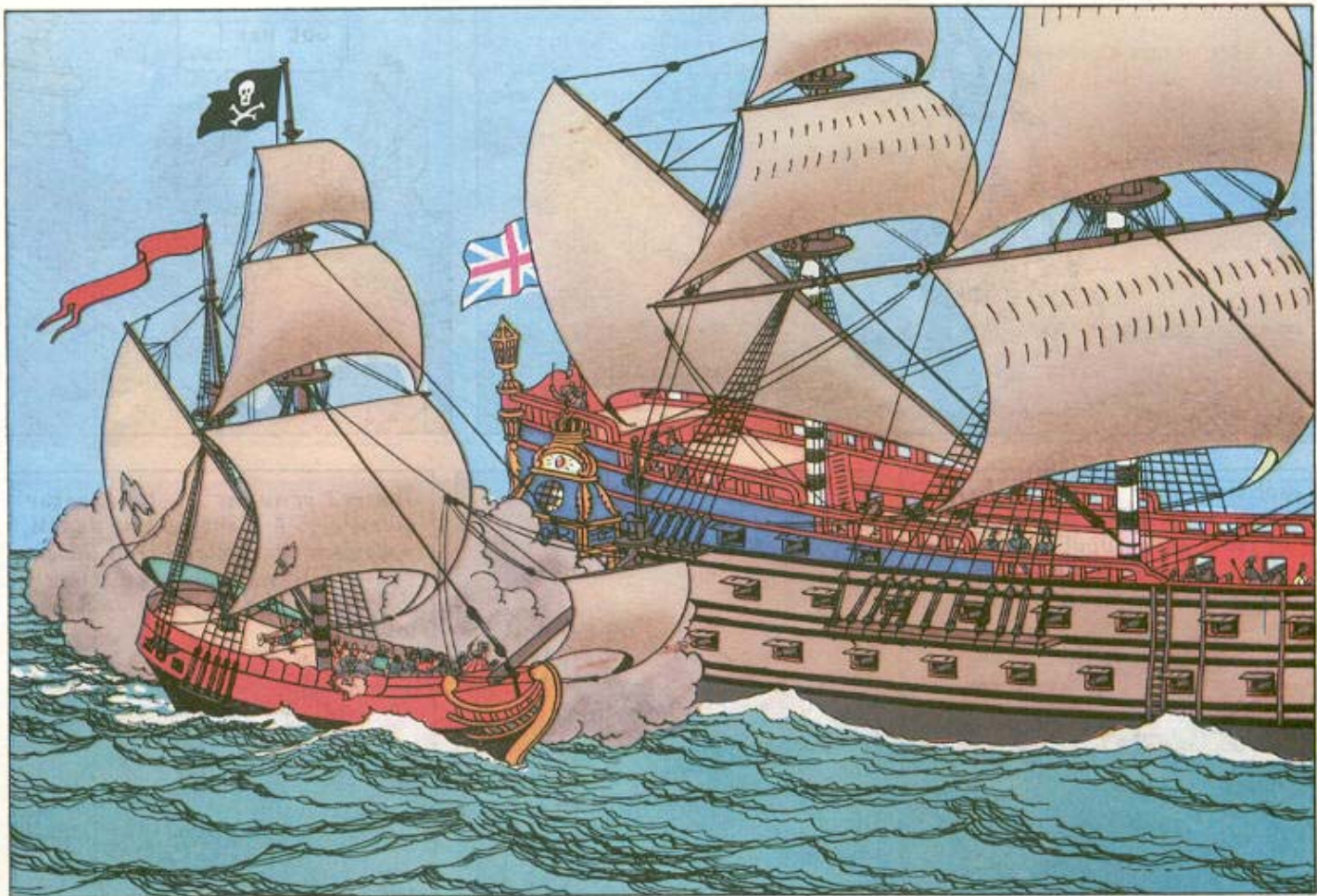
Close hauled, the enemy falls in line astern with UNICORN, avoiding the fire of her guns... She draws closer...



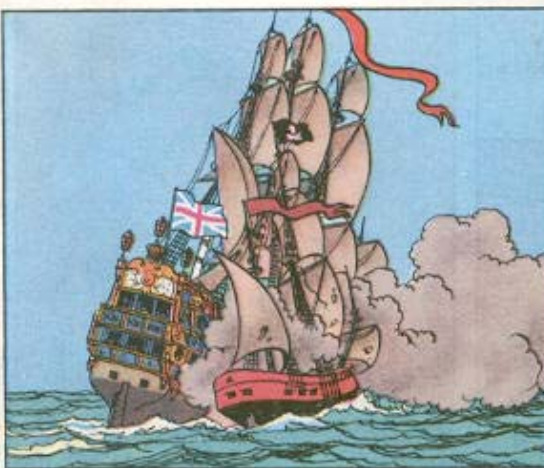
Then suddenly, not more than half a cable's length away, she slips from under the UNICORN's poop... whoosh, like that!



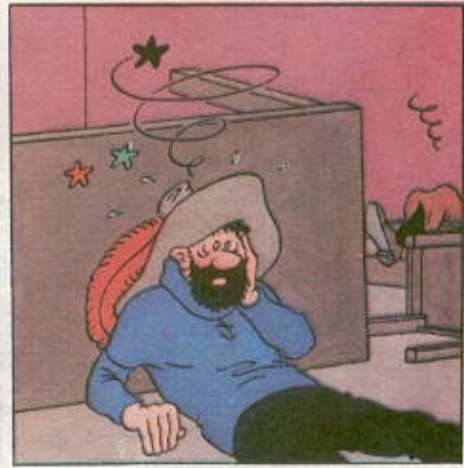
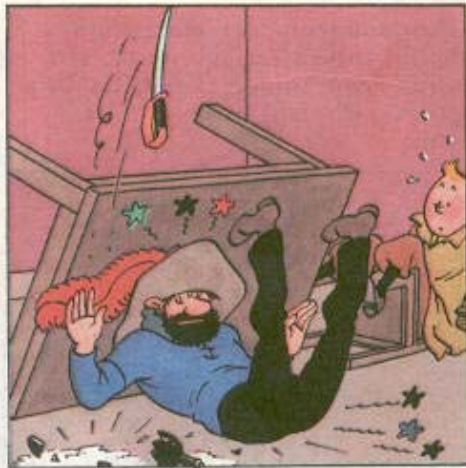
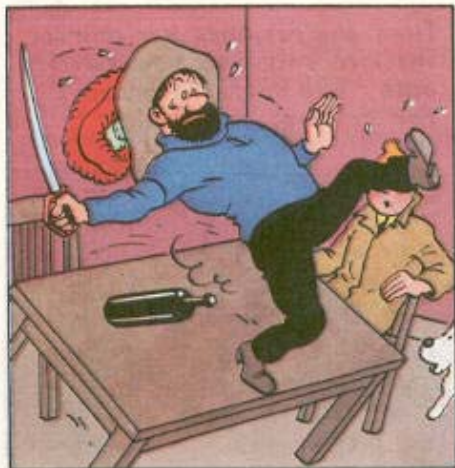
Then she resumes her course. The two ships are now alongside. The boarders prepare for action...



Here they come ! Grap-
pling irons are hurled
from the enemy ship.
With hideous yells the
pirates stream aboard
the **UNICORN**.



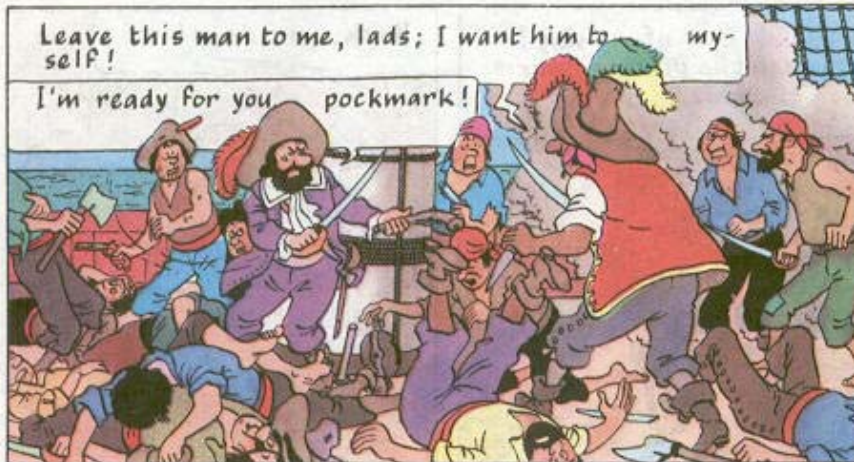
All hands to the deck to
repel board-
ers !





Leave this man to me, lads; I want him to my-
self!

I'm ready for you, pockmark!



You'd like to kill me, eh gherkin?
Scoffing braggart!



Saucy tramp! So, you'd
kill me, would you?...



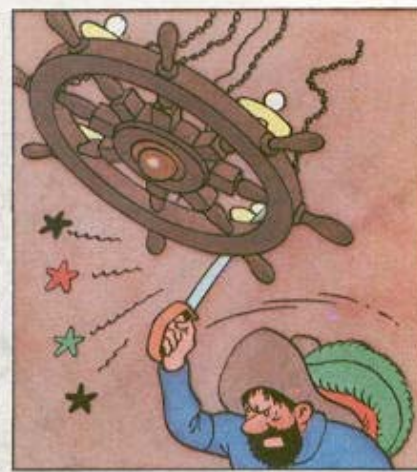
There! Take that,
centipede!



Oh, so you'd attack me
from the rear, would
you, cowards?...



Then look out for squalls!



Well, that's more or less what
happened to my ancestor. As
he hurled himself on the
pirates, a heavy block drop-
ped
on his head, and he fell to the
deck, stunned.



The pirates were masters of
the ship. They had
hoisted the red pennant
- and they gave no
quarter. Every man
jack walked the
plank...



Sir Francis?... When he came round he found himself securely lashed to his own mast. He suffered terribly...

From that blow on the head, of course...



No, from thirst!...



Poor man, how he suffered.



He looked about him. The deck was scrubbed, and no trace remained of the fearful combat that had taken place there. The pirates passed to and fro, each with a different load...



What's happening? Instead of pillaging our ship and making off with the booty, they're doing just the opposite.



But there's a man approaching. He wears a crimson cloak, embroidered with a skull: he's the pirate chief! He comes near - his breath reeks of rum - and he says:



Regard me ham!

well, dog: I am Red Rack-

Your servant, sir. And I am Sir Francis Haddock.



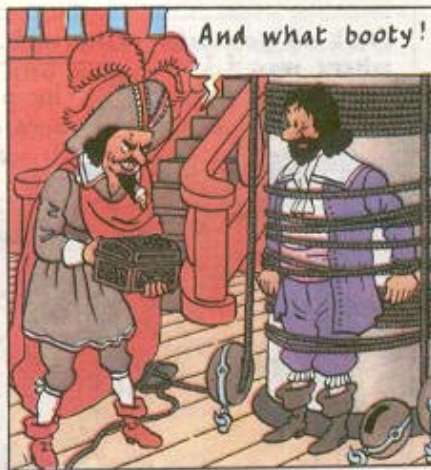
Doesn't my name freeze your blood, eh? Right. Listen to me. You have killed Diego the Dreadful, my trusty mate. More than half my crew are dead or wounded. My ship is foundering, damaged by your first attack, then holed below the waterline as we boarded you...



...when some of your dastardly gunners fired at point blank range. She's sinking... so my men are transferring to this ship the booty we captured from a Spaniard three days ago.



And what booty!



Look at these diamonds!



These are worth more than six times a king's ransom ...

Did you come here just to tell me that?



No, that's not why I came. I came to tell you that those who annoy me pay dearly for their folly! Tomorrow morning I shall hand you over to my crew. And that flock of lambs know just administering a lingering death!



So saying, he laughed sardonically, picked up his glass and drained it at a gulp, like this...



That's enough, Captain! Go on with your story...



Very well. Towards nightfall, the UNICORN with her pirate crew sighted a small island. Soon she dropped anchor in a sheltered cove...



Darkness fell; the pirates found the UNICORN's cargo of rum, broached the casks, and made themselves abominably drunk...



Abominably!... Yes abominably... that's the word...



Hey, what's the idea?... I only wanted to show you...

You don't have to, I quite understand.



Just as you like, Tintin... Now where was I?

The pirates were abominably drunk...



AAAAA-AAAAH!





That's funny!
Now there are
two glasses!



Well, in the meantime...

In the meantime Sir Francis struggled desperately to free himself...



Just you wait, my lambkins! Ration my rum if Sir Francis Haddock doesn't soon give you something to remember him by...



Done it! That's one hand free!



Free! Now I'm free!



On your guard, Red Rackham: here I come!



And with these words he hurled himself...



On the pirates?.. Like that?... Unarmed?...

No, on a bottle of rum, rolling on the deck!... He opened it, put it to his lips, and ...



And then he stops. "This is no time for drinking," he says, "I need all my wits about me." With that, he puts down the bottle...



Yes, he puts down the bottle... and seizes a cutlass. Then, looking towards the fo'c'sle where the drunken roistering still goes on...



You sing and carouse, little lambs!... I'm off to the magazine!



You know, of course, the magazine in a ship is where they store the gunpowder and shot...



There!... The party won't be complete without some fireworks!



Now I must make haste! There's just time for me to leave the ship before she goes up!



So, I've caught you!

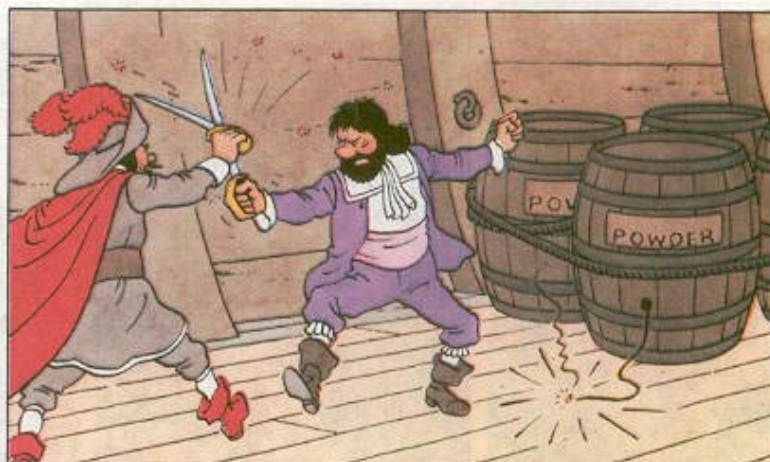


So, dog, high! you'd blow us sky-high! Well, you won't have that pleasure! I'll skin you alive, before I even douse that fuse!



By Lucifer! I'll shave your beard, porcupine!

And I'll pluck those feathers, squawking popinjay! Fancy-dress freebooter! Fresh water pirate! Pithecanthropus!



Retreat as you may, you cannot escape me!

I'll run you through, prattling porpoise!



And as he fought, Sir Francis kept thinking of that fuse, about to touch off the powder at any moment



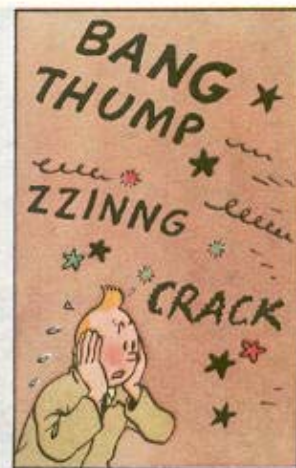
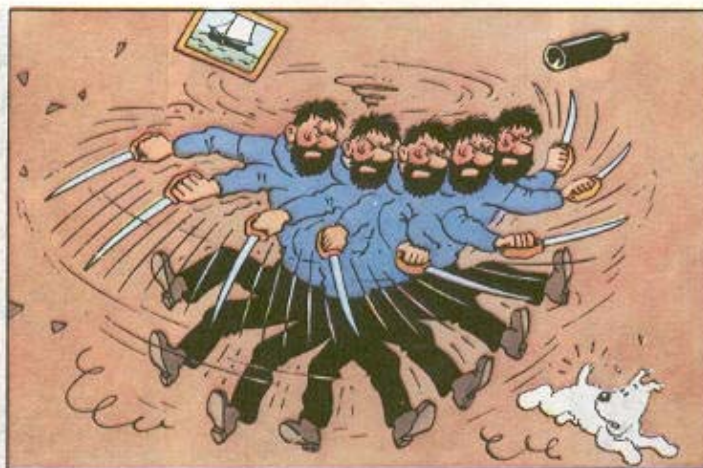
Suddenly, nimbly parrying a thrust, he leapt to one side...



With one swift blow from his heel he extinguished the fuse!



Now, Red Rackham, my temper's rising!



Victory! Red Rackham lies dead! With a yo-ho-ho and a bott le of rum!



That's that! May heaven forgive your wicked soul!



Enough delay! Now to light another fuse...

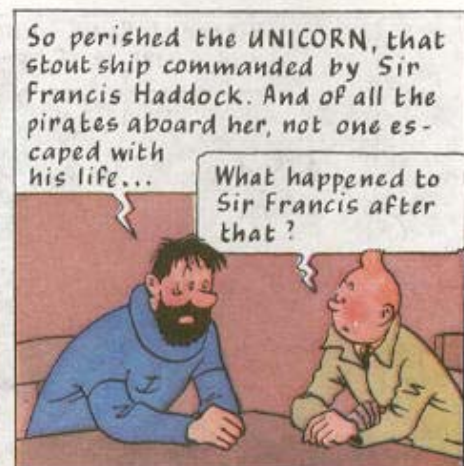
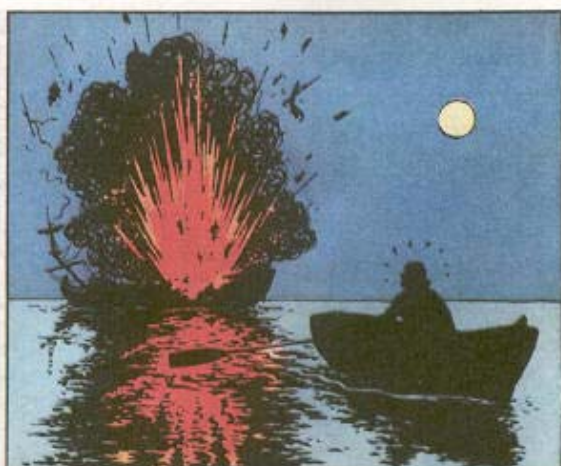
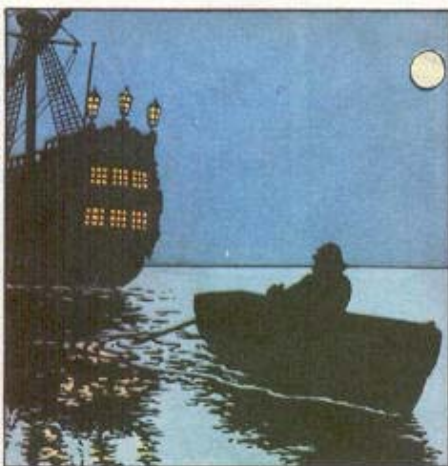


...and be off!



No one has seen me: they're still drinking. Quick, into the jolly-boat...





He made friends with the natives on the island, and lived among them for two years. Then he was picked up by a ship which carried him back home. There his journal ends. But now comes the strangest thing in the whole story...

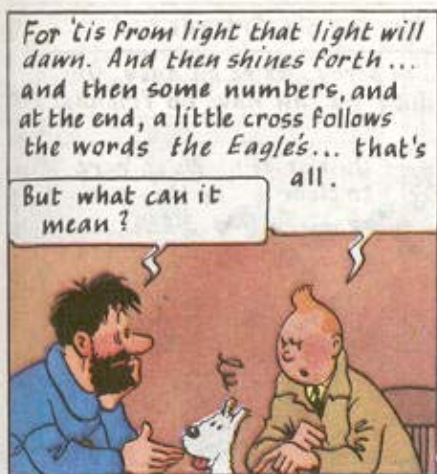
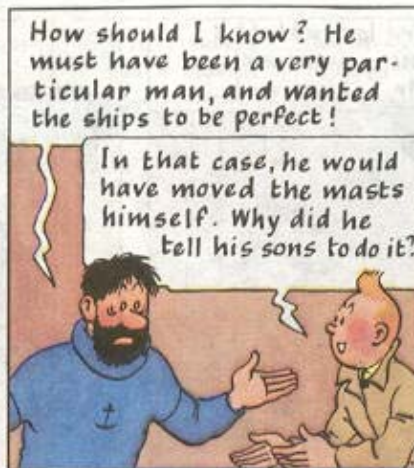


On the last page of the manuscript there is a sort of Will, in which he bequeaths to each of his three sons a model - built and rigged by himself - a model of the very ship he once blew up rather than leave her to the pirates. There's one funny detail: he tells his sons to move the mainmast slightly aft on each model. "Thus," he concludes, "the truth will out".



That's it, Captain!...
Red Rackham's treasure
will be ours!





What's the matter? OOHH!...



Ooooh! Lord love us! It's Mr. Sakharine... Someone's murdered Mr. Sakharine!...



Dead?

No, he's alive: his heart's beating. He's been chloroformed...



Tintin, look there! The second UNICORN... and the mast's broken!



Look! The foot of the mast is hollow: the parchment has gone!

Thundering typhoons! We aren't the only ones hunting for Red Rackham's treasure!



Don't move, anyone!



Ah, my old friends! I...

I'm sorry. We're on duty. On duty we can have no friends!

Quite right! We're here to clear up this business...



First, here's the victim...

To be precise: here's the victim!



Now, if there's a victim, there must be a culprit.

A brilliant deduction! Now we only have to find him... and he can't be far away. To be precise: he isn't far away...



In fact, there he is!



Me, the culprit? You dare accuse me?... Miserable earth-worms!... Sea-gherkins!



Slave-traders!... Sea-lice!... Black-beetles!... Baboons!



Artichokes!... Vermicellis!... Phylloxera!... Pyrographers!



Crab-apples!... Goosecaps!... Gogglers!... Jelly-fish!



Captain! Captain! Calm yourself!

Yes, please calm yourself, Captain. We only said that by way of an experiment...



What sort of experiment?

You see, if you really had been guilty, you'd have been upset. As it is, we are now quite convinced of your innocence.



Now, to work! We must look for fingerprints.



Goodness gracious!...The corpse has gone!



Look!...Your corpse is coming round!



What happened to you, Mr Sakharine?



A man came here last night, to offer me some fine old engravings. As I bent over to look at them I felt a pad clamped over my nose...

No doubt it was chloroform, for I became unconscious...



Very odd... To be precise... Can you smell something burning?



Your magnifying-glass! Ha! ha!
ha! ... your magnifying-glass...
and the sun! ... Ha! ha! ha!...



Stop laughing in that
stupid way! Try to
concentrate on the
case.



Can you describe the man
who came to offer you
those engravings?

Wait... I seem to
have seen him before
... but I can't
tell where...



He was rather fat. Black hair,
and a little black moustache. He
wore a blue suit, and a brown
hat.

That's him! ... That's the
man
in the Old
Street
Market!



What man in the Old Street Market?

A man who tried to buy the
ship I found in the Old Street
Market. You know him too:
he's the one you met on the
stairs on your way to see
me last night. You suspec-
ted him of stealing
your wallet ...



By the way, do you know mine
has been stolen too? ...

No! It's extraordinary how
many people let their wallets
be stolen! It's so easy not
to... Here, you try and
take mine...



Go on, try! ...



It's on elastic!

Simple enough... If
you only think
of it!



Childishly simple, in fact. But
now we must leave you to your
investigations. Goodbye ...

Goodbye.



If things go on like this, Red
Rackham's treasure will disappear
from under
our noses ...

Yes, I'm afraid
so...



Look, someone seems to be
waiting for us outside my
door...



The man from the
Old Street Market!

Mr. Tintin?...





Next morning...

SHOOTING DRAMA

An unknown man was shot dead in Labrador Road just before midday yesterday. As he was about to enter No. 26, three shots were fired from a passing car which had slowed down opposite him. The victim was struck by all three bullets in the region of the heart. He died without regaining consciousness.

Poor devil. No one will ever know what he meant when he pointed to those sparrows.



Hello, Captain! Come in... I'm just telephoning the hospital for news of the wounded man...

It's no good: he's dead.



Hello?... Is that the House-Surgeon? This is Tintin... Good-morning, Doctor. How's our injured man? Just the same? Still unconscious?... Is there any hope? A little... yes... Thank you. Goodbye.



But look here: it says in the paper that he's dead.

Yes, the papers were told he'd died. The crooks will believe he didn't give them away, so they won't be on their guard, and they'll get caught one day.



Ah, I see now. But I still wonder what that poor chap meant, pointing at those sparrows...

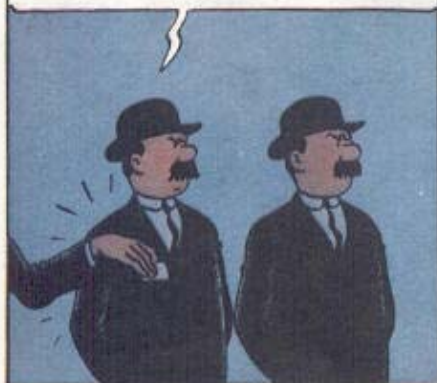
So do I, Captain. It's all very mysterious. "To be precise: very mysterious", as the Thomsons would say.



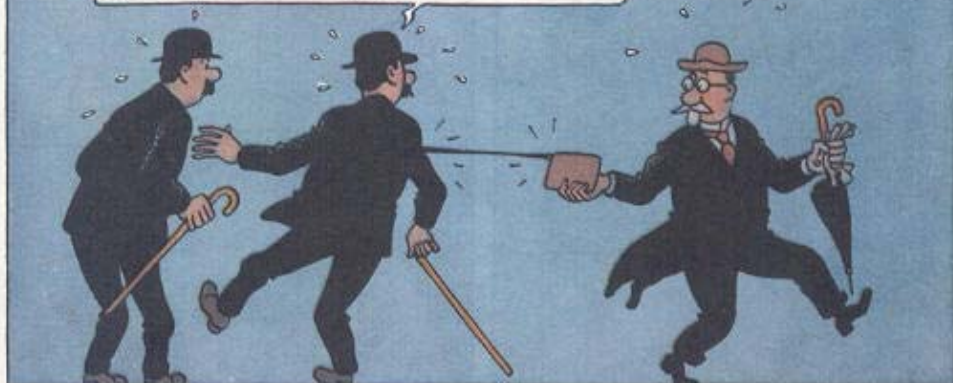
Another day watching for pickpockets all over the place. I'll be glad to get back home.



Here comes our bus at last!



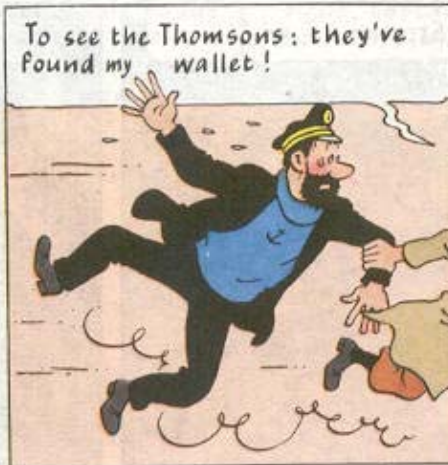
My wallet!... This time I've got you, you scoundrel!

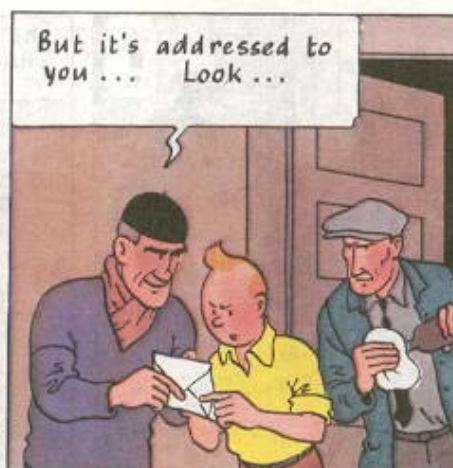
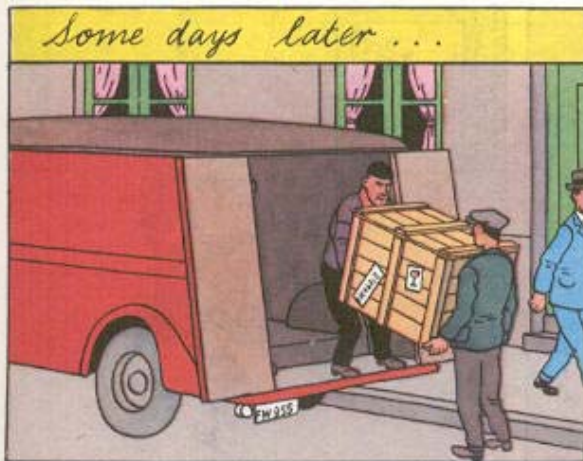


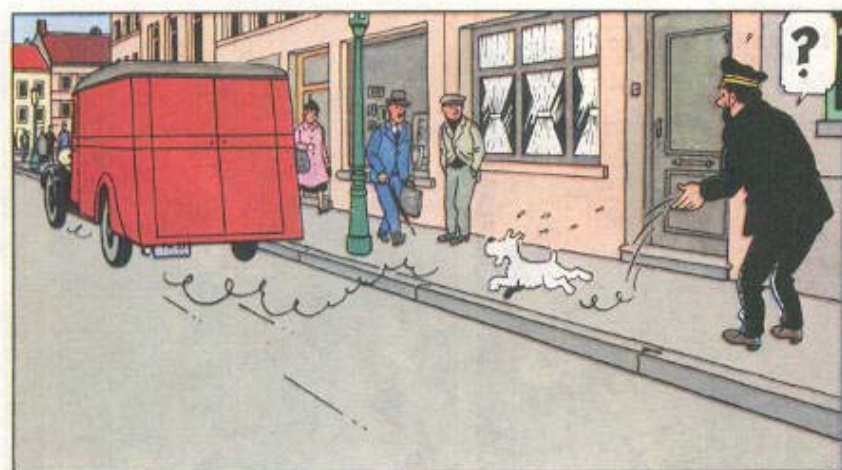
Stop, villain!



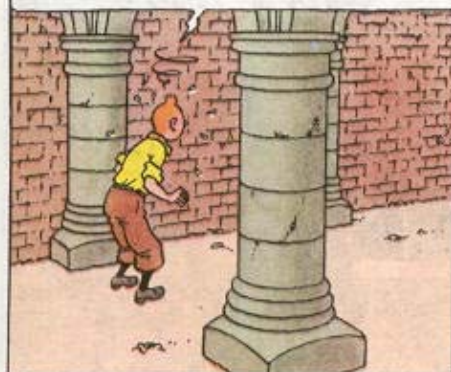








Nobody there! But I wasn't dreaming: someone spoke!



Yes, someone spoke!



Who... who are you?... And where are you?



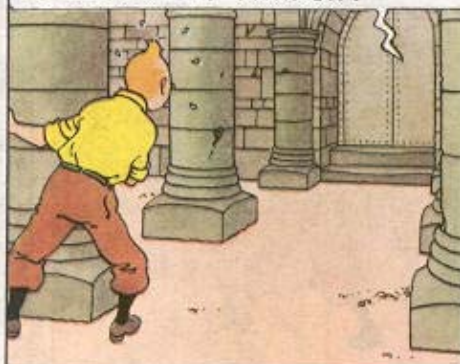
Who am I? I am the ghost of the captain of the UNICORN!



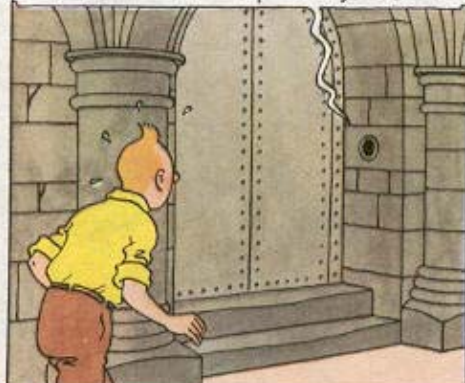
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!



Ha! ha! ha! ... That frightened you, didn't it?... Come over to the door... Come on.



Come nearer. Good... Now, can you see the speaking-tube?



Who are you, and what do you want with me?

Who am I?... You must allow me to remain anonymous... And why did I have you kidnapped? You have guessed that, no doubt...



I want to know where you have hidden the two parchments you stole from me.

Me? I stole two parchments?... But I never had more than one.



Come on now, let's be sensible! I'd collected two of the three scrolls: you took them from me. That night when I had your flat searched, only the third one was found... in your wallet. Where are the other two?

How should I know?



As you like. But I warn you: I know of several ways to loosen stubborn tongues... I'll give you two hours to tell me where you hid those scrolls, then if you won't talk, you'll soon see the sort of man I am!

But I tell you... Oh he's cut off, the gangster!



Now I'm in a fine mess! How do I get out of this one?





Two hours!... Two hours to get out of here! ... How can I do it?



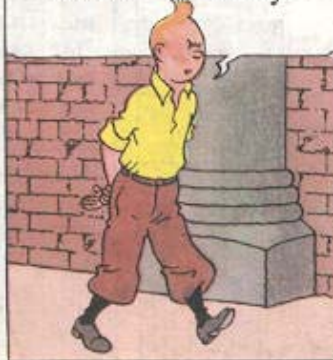
I wonder if I could use this beam as a battering-ram, against the door...



Hopeless! I can hardly lift it...



No good. But in two hours I must be miles away...



Eureka!



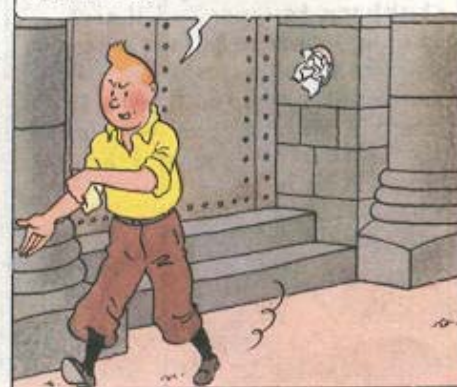
First I'd better block up this speaking tube with my handkerchief.



Then no one will hear any noise I may make...



Now to work! As fast as I can...



First I'll knot these sheets and blankets together...



Then tie them securely to this beam...



And pull! ... Heave-ho! ... Heave-ho! ... Heave-ho! ... Heave! ...



Start again: I've simply got to move this beam. Now...



Meanwhile...

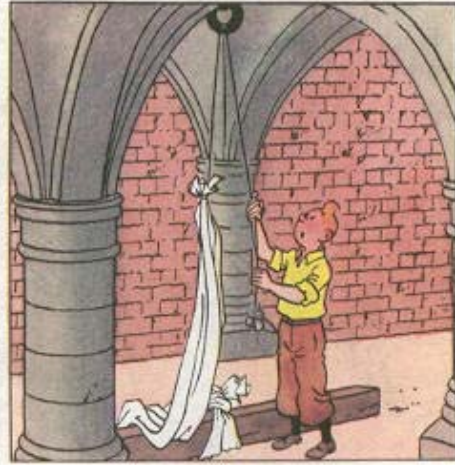


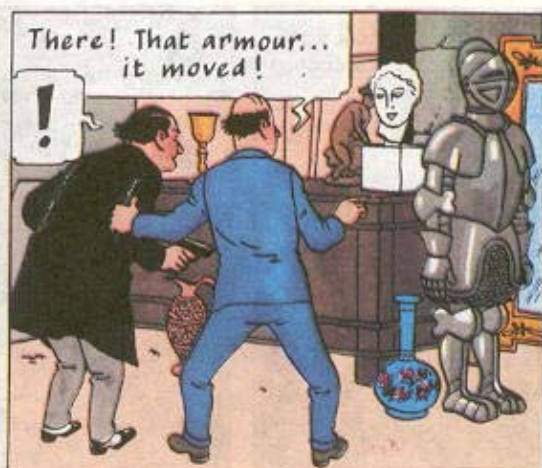
A quick bath and I'll soon get rid of this mud.

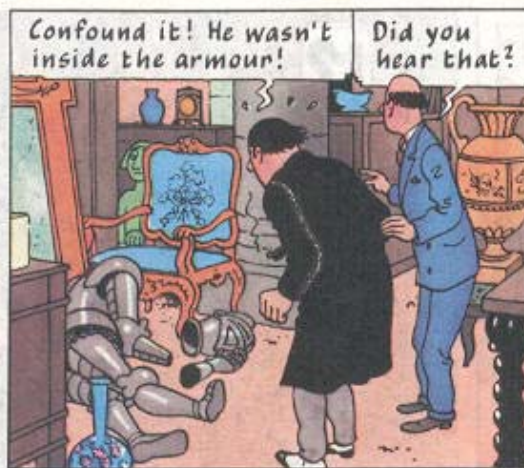
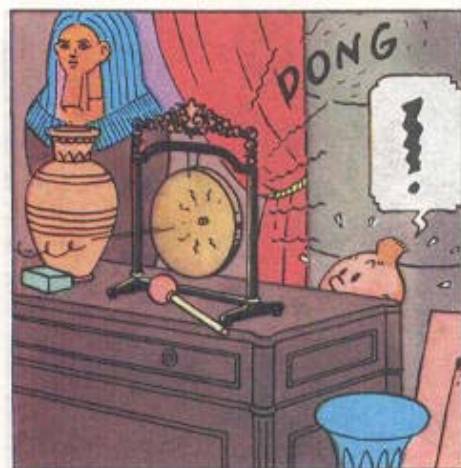
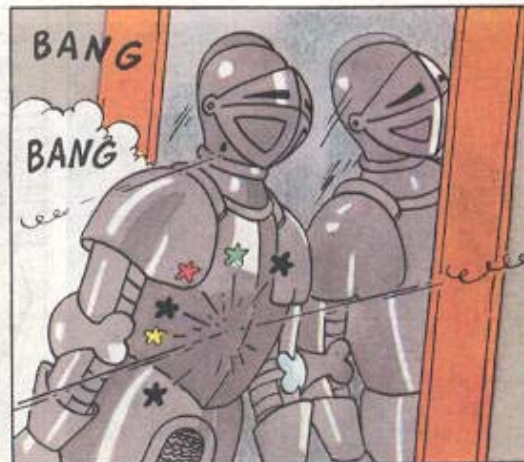
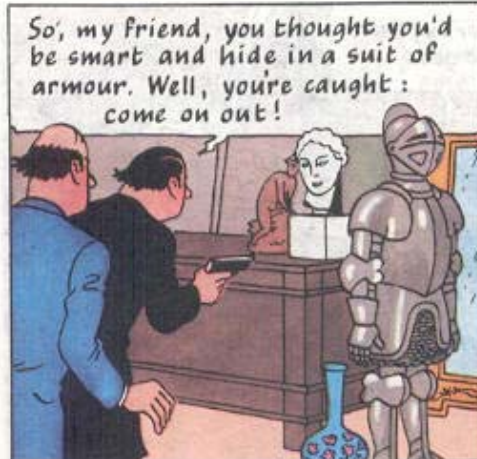


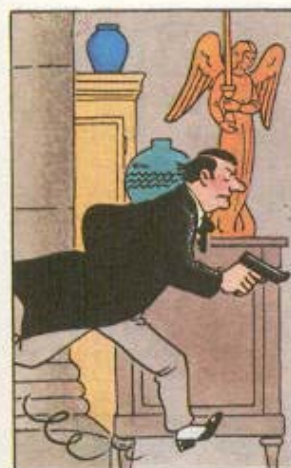
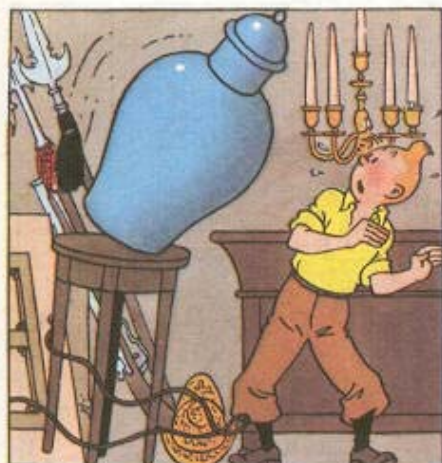
Aha! It's good to be nice and clean again.

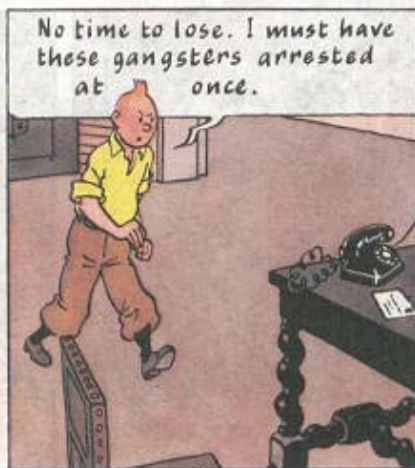
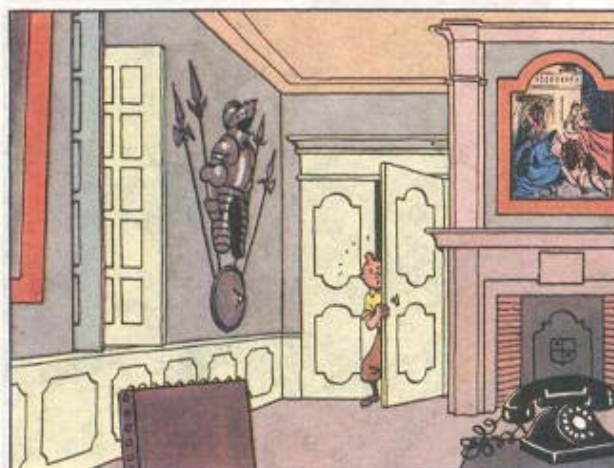
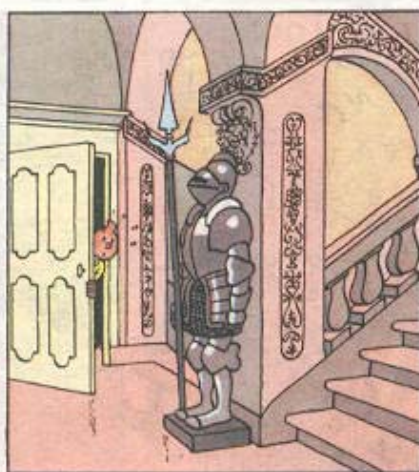
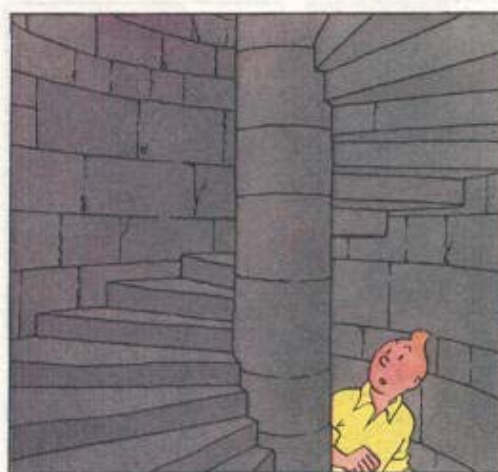
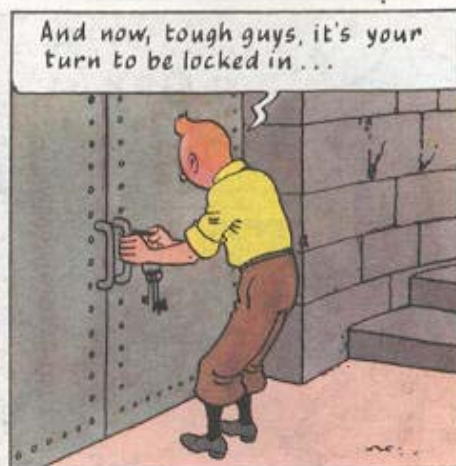
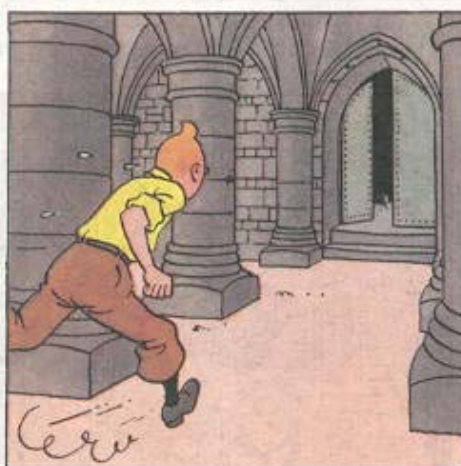






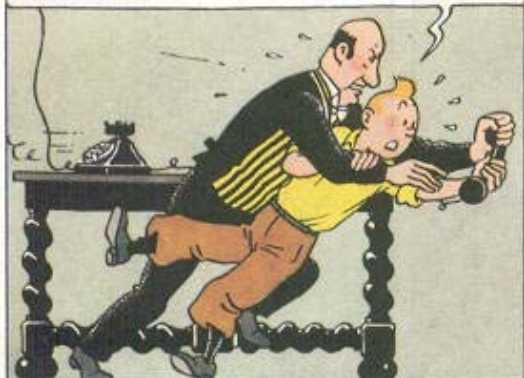








Marlinspike Hall! ... Marlin-
spike!



Hello, Captain? Can you hear
me?... I'm at Marlinspike
Hall! No, Marlinspike's
the name!



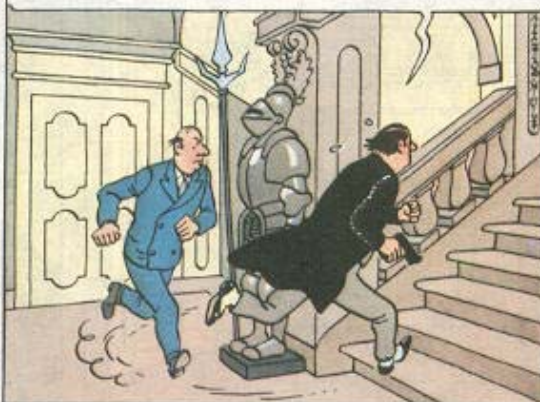
What?...
What sort of
game?...
Hello! He's
rung off!



HELP!
HELP!



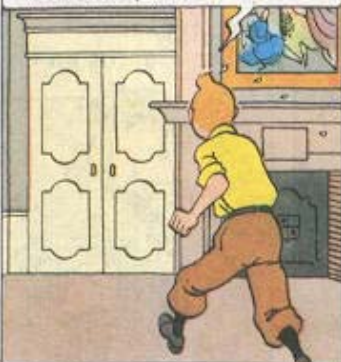
That was Nestor's voice!



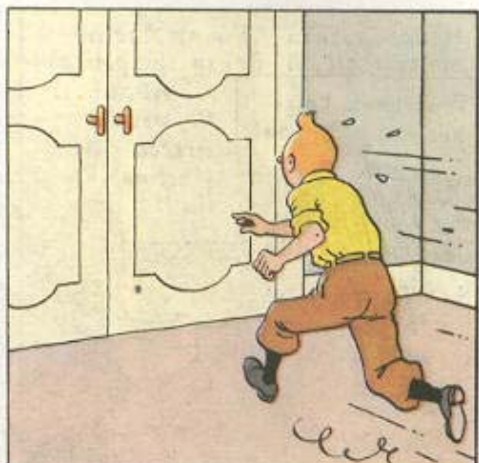
That's torn it! The telephone's
broken!

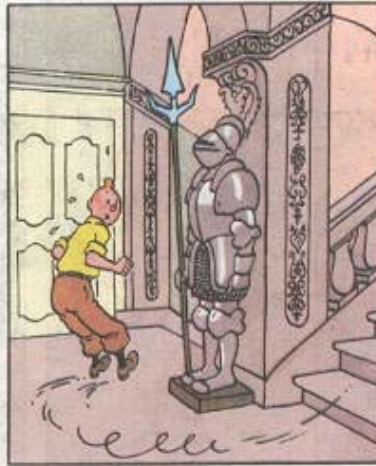


There's only one thing
to do - run for it -
double quick!

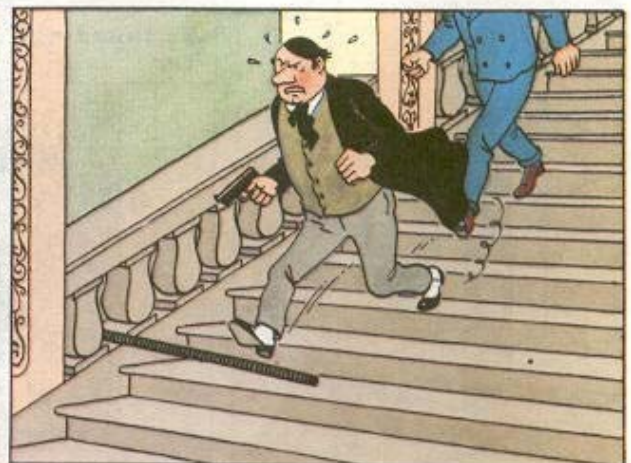


If he's here he can't escape us...





Steady... they're coming!



This way out!



The front door just slammed. Get up, you two. He'll escape us...



Free at last!



There he goes!



Crumbs, they're after me again!

Missed! He's disappeared among the trees!



Fetch Brutus, Nestor! Quickly!

Brutus? Very well, sir!



What an enormous park: it's like a forest...

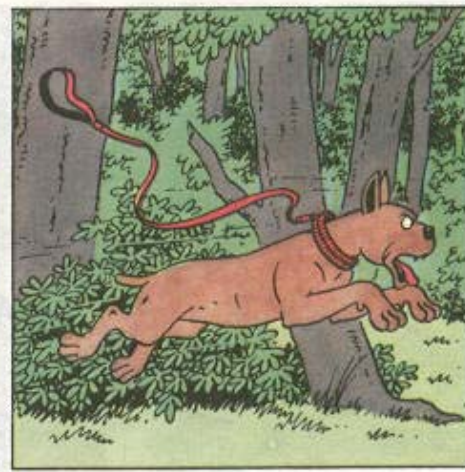
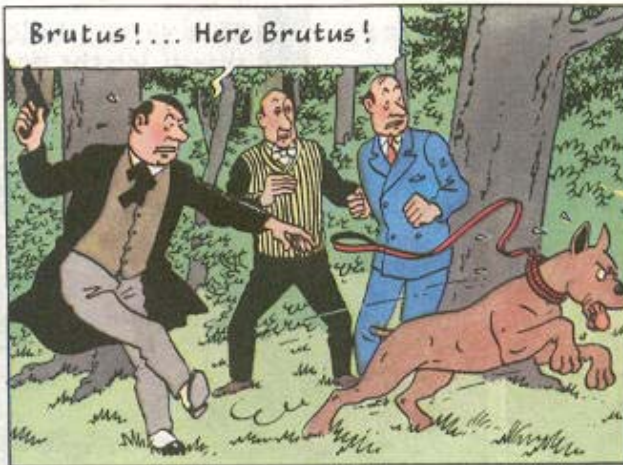


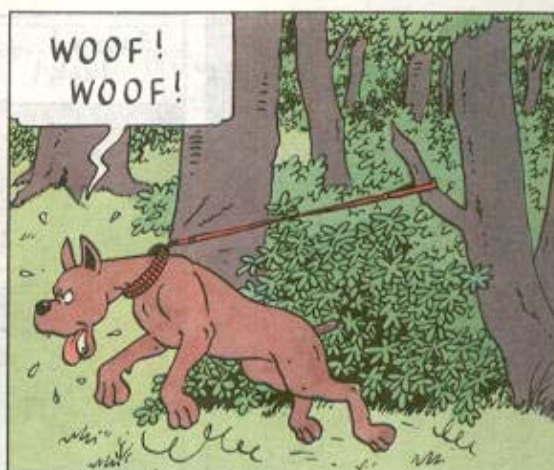
WOOF! WOOF!

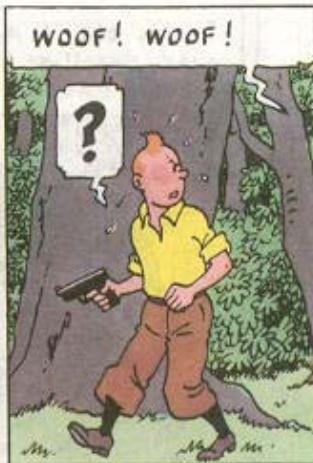


Find him, Brutus! Find him!









Where are they going?
... Oh, I see: that
little wretch is taking
care to put Brutus
back in his kennel.



WOOF!
WOOF!

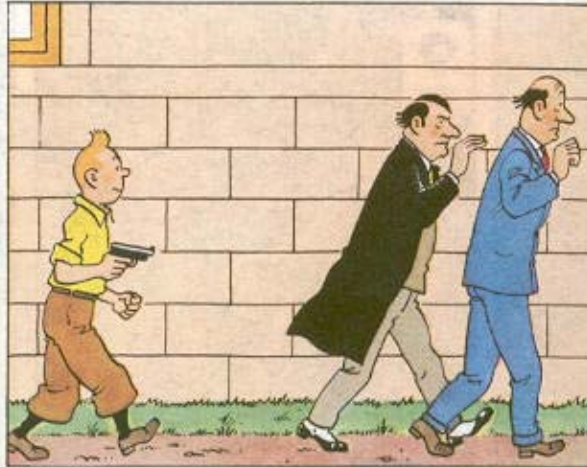


That's that! And now, gentle-
men, we'll go to the police-
station!

They're coming back this
way: they'll pass under
the ground-floor win-
dows. Perhaps there's
some way...



Keep cool, Nestor!



Here they come!
Careful, don't miss...



Nestor!



Oh, dear, I didn't hit
him hard enough...



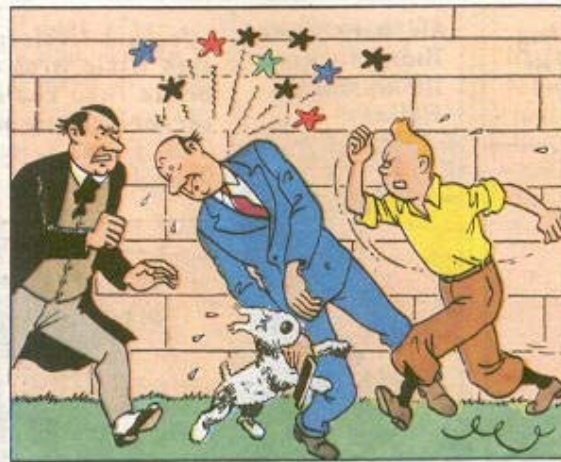
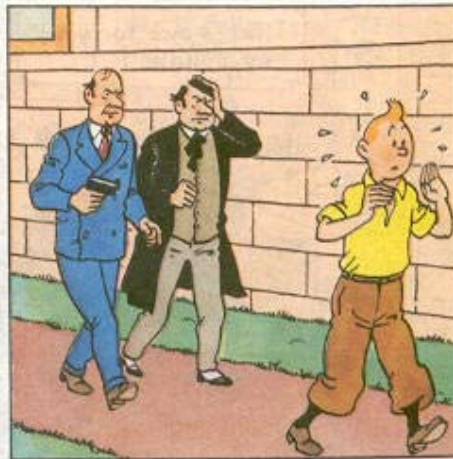
Now then,
once more...

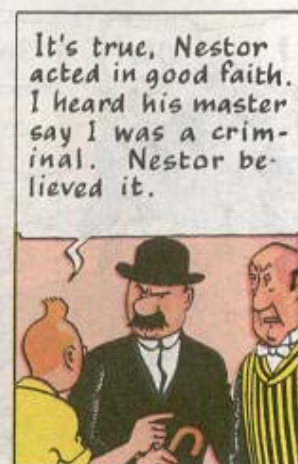


Oh dear!!



Got you this time,
my young friend!





Gentlemen, there has been a miscarriage of justice! This man is innocent, as Tintin said. Won't you take off these handcuffs... and let him go and fetch me another bottle of brandy?



There, my man, now you're free. And we'll use these handcuffs for your masters!



We'll follow you, Nestor. Don't forget: it's to be three-star!



Now, Captain, tell me how you came to be here.

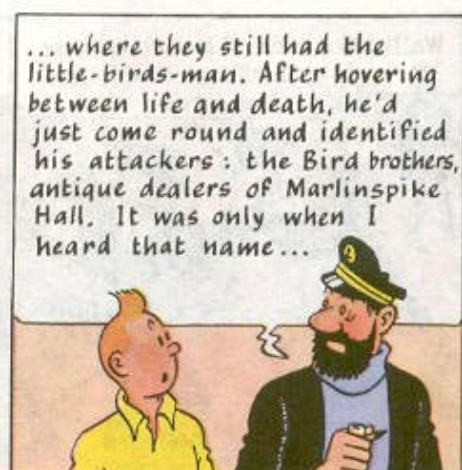
Oh, yes... Right. Well...



Just after your telephone call - and I didn't understand a word of that - someone rang up from the hospital...



... where they still had the little-birds-man. After hovering between life and death, he'd just come round and identified his attackers: the Bird brothers, antique dealers of Marlinspike Hall. It was only when I heard that name...



... that I understood what you meant on the telephone. There was no time to lose: I warned the police at once, and we rushed here...



WHAM *
OH!
WHAM
OW!



We shouldn't have left the police with those two gangsters!...



Look!... one's escaping!... there! He's just turned the corner!

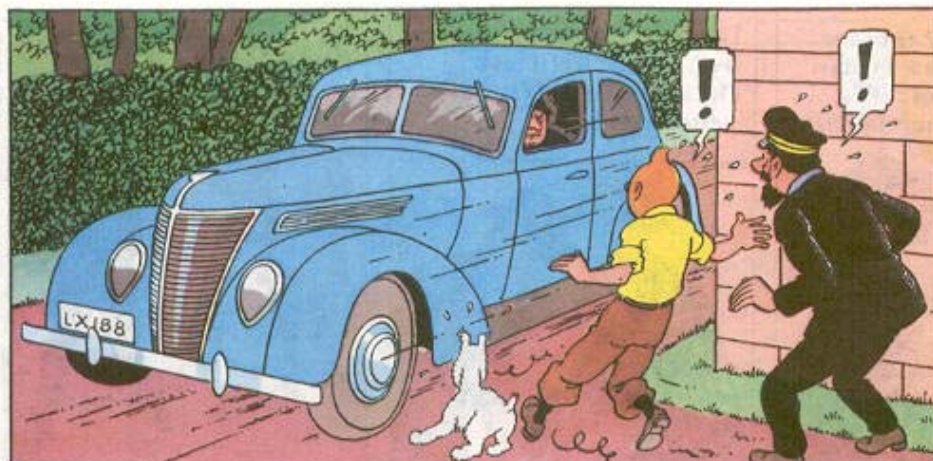


He's the most dangerous of the two: he mustn't get away!



A car! That's a car starting up!





Barnaby came back empty-handed. Then he suddenly remembered the other man who'd been trying to buy the ship from you.

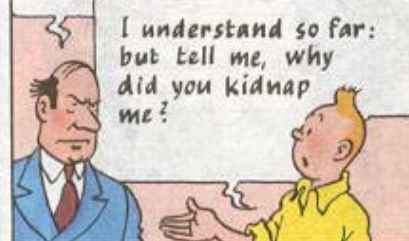


And next day he visited Mr. Sakharine, chloroformed him, and stole the third parchment...

That's right. But after he'd given it to us, he and Max quarrelled violently about the money we'd agreed he should have. Barnaby demanded more, but Max stuck to the original sum. Finally Barnaby went, furiously angry and saying we'd regret our meanness. When he'd gone, Max got cold feet: supposing the wretch betrayed us? We jumped into the car and trailed him; our fears were justified. We saw him speaking...



... to you. Panicking in case he'd given the whole game away, Max caught up with you in a few seconds, and shot Barnaby as he stepped into your doorway.



I understand so far: but tell me, why did you kidnap me?

We told you: to make you give up the two parchments you had stolen from us a few days after the shooting.



I see. But I couldn't have stolen them as I didn't know you existed! But I wonder... Perhaps it was...

Yes, perhaps it was Mr. Sakharine who took the two scrolls?



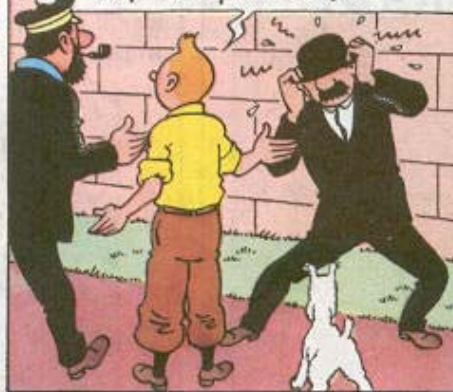
Hurrah! That's it!



At last! ... He's managed to get it off for me...



Come on, Captain, we'd better help this poor chap...



Ready! Steady! He-e-eave!



Whoops!



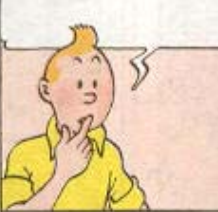


Captain, as soon as we return we'll see Mr. Sakharine. I'm sure he took the two scrolls ...

Yes, we've got one ...



One! Great snakes! We haven't even got that! The Bird brothers took it! But we can get it back!



Give me back the parchment you stole from my room!



Give it back? ... That's impossible... Max has it in his pocket!



Ring up the police-station at once, give them a description of Max Bird, and his car number - LX 188. Then we'll go straight back to town...

Right!



Next morning...

Now for Mr. Sakharine...



Mr. Sakharine? He's gone away, young man. He won't be back for a fortnight.



He would be away! That doesn't make things any easier!



In the meantime I'll go and see the Thomsons. Perhaps they'll be able to tell me if they've found Max Bird...



Good morning. Are you going out? ... I just came to ask you...

Sh! Mum's the word! Come with us!



Where are we going?

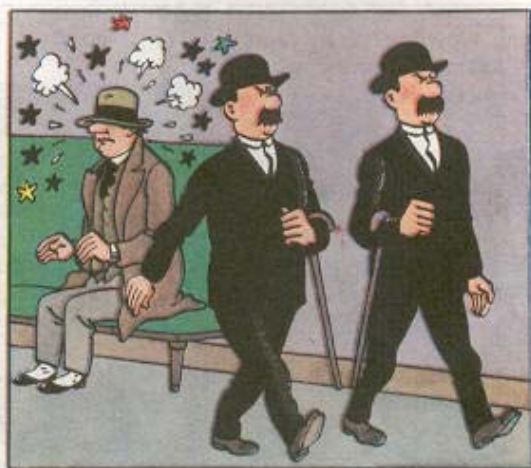
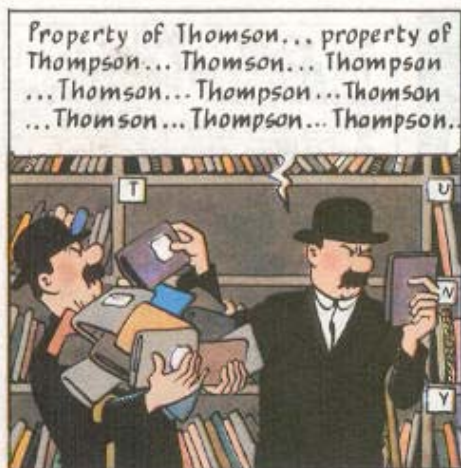
You'll soon see...



... and a few minutes later...







Three Brothers joined. Three Unicorns in
company sailing in the noonday Sunne
will speak.
For 'tis from the Light that Light will
dawn. And then shines forth
20 7 5 N.
the Eagle's +
Three company will speak
For 'tis from the Light that Light will
dawn. And then shines forth
42 1 0
the Eagle's +
Three Unicorns in
company sailing in the noonday Sunne
will speak.
For 'tis from the Light that Light will
dawn. And then shines forth
52
the Eagle's +

No! No! and No! You can go
on hunting if you want to, but
I've had enough: I give up.
Blistering barnacles to that
pirate Red Rackham, and his
treasure! I'd sooner do with-
out it; I'm not racking my
brains any more trying to
make sense out of that gib-
berish! Thundering typhoons!
What a thirst it's given me!



I've got it, Captain!...
I've got it!...



The message is right when
it says that it is "from
the light that light will
dawn!" Look, I put them
together...



... and hold them, "sailing in com-
pany", in front of the light. Look now!
See what comes through!...

Thundering typhoons!
The numbers and letters
are completed, and it
gives us...

Three Brothers joined. Three Unicorns in
company sailing in the noonday Sunne
will speak.
For 'tis from the Light that Light will
dawn. And then shines forth
20 37 42 N. 70 52 15 W.
the Eagle's #

A latitude and a longitude!

Obviously telling us where the UNICORN sank!



Now, Captain... When do we leave on our treasure-hunt?

When do we leave? ... Er...



Let's see... First we need a ship... We can charter the SIRIUS, a trawler belonging to my friend, Captain Chester... Then we need a crew, some diving suits and all the right equipment for this sort of expedition... That will take us a little time to arrange. We'd better say a month. Yes, in a month we could be ready to leave.



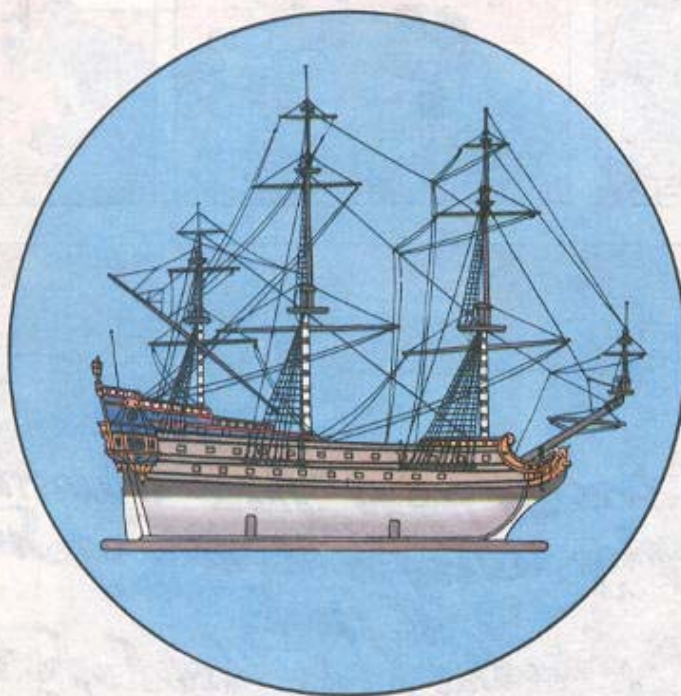
Red Rackham's treasure will be ours!



But of course it won't be easy, and we shall certainly have plenty of adventures on our treasure-hunt... You can read about them in **RED RACKHAM'S TREASURE**



• HERGE •

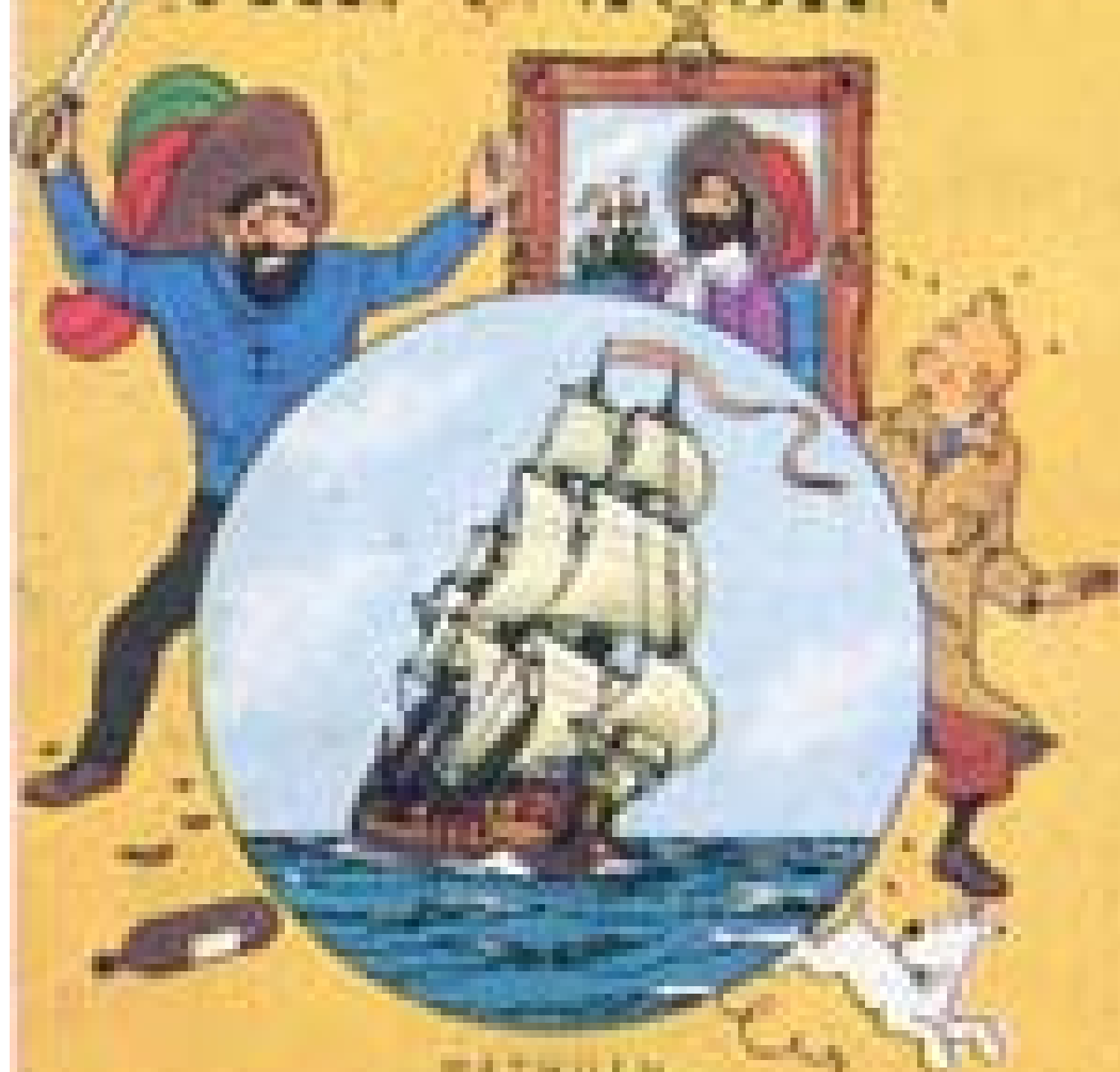


W B E B

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

THE SECRET
OF
THE UNICORN



W B E B